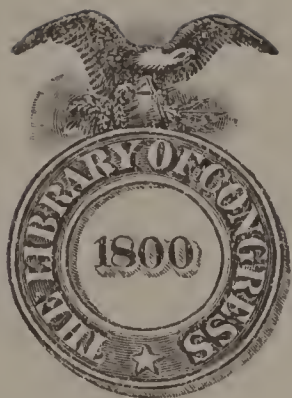


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*AND OTHER*  
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WILL FAY



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# K I N

## AND OTHER POEMS

By WILL <sup>of Kansas</sup> FAY



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WILLIAM F. FAY

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no. 11

To  
LEE BUCHANAN FAY  
THIS BOOK IS  
LOVINGLY DEDICATED

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## KIN

Someone said that plants and flowers have souls, like you  
and me.

And that is true if truth was ever told.

I believe it, for I listen when a hummingbird or bee  
Asks the flowers for their store of liquid gold.

Why, I've seen a slender willow standing on a streamlet's  
brink

Stoop and dip her glossy tresses 'neath the wave,  
Then fling a crystal shower to some lily's craving drink,  
And sway with pleasure at the joy she gave.

Even saw some sturdy bluegrass help a daisy to arise  
When a careless footfall flung her to the sod,  
And the morning glory's wisdom always fill me with sur-  
prise,

While the silly sunflower thinks the sun is God.

Have you never seen the flowers sound asleep, some moon-  
lit night

While the night wind hovered o'er them, crooning low,  
Or watched them as they 'waken in the early morning light  
With their dew-drenched sleepy faces all aglow?

Yes, the daisy, rosebud, lily, pansy, violet or bloom  
Have their counterparts in loved ones whom we know,  
And their pure, appealing beauty and heavenly perfume  
Prove their kinship to the souls who love them so.

## TEDDY

You had to figure Roosevelt,  
    When he swung into a fight.  
Because, he always had the "goods"  
    And was mostly always right.  
Another thing about "Our Ted"  
    That no one can deny,  
He fought out in the open  
    Where brave men do or die.  
He would never ask for quarter,  
    And in the thickest of the fray,  
His blade would know no brother,  
    With its scabbard thrown away.  
And when the fight was over,  
    And the "dead ones" were interred  
Uncle Sam would softly murmur:  
    "Teddy Roosevelt—your a bird."

## A MEMORY

He was young (mark that). His face was rather good, but pale. He was in Chicago—broke. Not starving—as yet. Just very hungry. Nasty night—raining. No overcoat. Would love a cup o' coffee and a bit o' something—oh, well, maybe tomorrow. Wanders on toward a bright spot ahead; reaches it as audience are leaving. Comes a couple to entrance and stops. Escort leaves companion for the moment. Girl slowly turns her beautiful eyes on youth. His pale face loses its pallor; his shoulders straighten. Her warm, limpid gaze meets his. She smiles. There is not a trace of pity in her sweet eyes—just admiration, and a little touch of wistfulness—for there is sheer adoration in the lad's eyes—and——. Her escort comes puffing up; they pass up the street to a waiting carriage. She looks back, finds his face in the fast-dwindling groups and smiles again, with a slight flush of roguishness—and is gone.

And the stranded youth? He must have fled, for in his place stood a king. Hunger, rain, wet feet did not exist for one who could win that smile. He would never forget her. He would make good. *He never did. And he did.*

## THE REAL THING

There is no consolation like a friend—I mean a *friend*.  
Not the kind that flock around you when you have a lot to  
    spend,  
You will find that most “good fellows” take your favors,  
    then betray,  
And fold their tents like Arabs, and are up and on their way.

They will stick around like leeches just as long as you are  
    flush,  
And painted dames will string you—take your coin with-  
    out a blush.  
Soon the truth will dawn upon you, when your last false  
    friend has flown,  
Leaving you to fight your battles, single handed, and alone.

Then you find that you’re not wanted, you’re not welcome,  
    don’t belong,  
And you look in vain for friendship as you mingle with the  
    throng.  
But the memory of your folly is the bitterest of all,  
As you turn to meet misfortune with your back against the  
    wall.

Then you meet a regular fellow you’ve neglected for a while,  
Who grips your hand like iron, looks you over with a smile,  
Saying “Son, I’m glad to see you; where in blazes have you  
    been?”  
And with his hand upon your shoulder you become a man  
    again.

Then you go away together, *maybe* have a drink or two,

While he tears the clouds asunder, and lets the sunshine fall  
on you.

And with his aid and counsel, soon your fortune's on the  
mend.

*Ah! there is no consolation like a true and loyal friend.*

## BACK YONDER

Say, you with the topper—just cut out the sneer  
At the men on the benches, you find sitting here;  
They can do very nicely without you, or your scorn,  
For they helped make this country before you were born.

Yes, the fellows you see sitting here in the shade  
Were right on the job when this country was made.  
'Way back in the Eighties, lots earlier, too,  
They sure made a home for such ingrates as you.

Why, some of these people helped build the U. P.  
That opened an Empire for you and for me—  
Built dams that made deserts bloom just like a rose,  
Tore quartz "dust" and nuggets from aeons of repose.

They rode after cattle, and laid the first rail,  
And piloted pack trains o'er river and trail,  
Punched holes thru the mountains for you to ride thru,  
And suffered all hardships for just such as you.

There are men sitting here that Ben Holladay knew.  
When his Pony Express to a Limited grew,  
And Onderdonks huskies right here may be found,  
Tho they left their young manhood around Puget Sound.

Geronimo, Joseph and the great Sitting Bull,  
And Apache Victoria, all had their hands full  
When they left their Reserve, on a death-dealing raid.  
It was Crook, and these lads, made those devils afraid.



And they weren't all roughnecks, for the girls of those days  
Could tell you some stories that would thrill and amaze,  
How these men fairly worshipped the ground that they trod,  
And a good woman's honor was as safe as with God.

Not slow in a quarrel, or easy to bend.  
Yet square as a die, and true as friend.  
They had money to burn, and burn'd it like men.  
But *earned* every dollar, and would burn it again.

It was only last week, on a bench over there,  
An old fellow fainted, and to give him some air,  
We opened his shirt, found a work of real art,  
For Old Glory was tatoed right over his heart.

How in hell can such men compete with the crew  
Who are swarming around them, when people like you  
Who are reaping the harvest these fellows have sown  
Are so slow with the bread, and so quick with the stone.

Well! That's about all, Pard. We'll call it a day.  
You may pick up your playthings and be on your way.  
No, thanks—keep your money—but I'd like to remark  
*That there's always some room—for one more in the park.*

## WRONG PEW

A large bunch of roses  
I carried a mile—  
For You.

A cold little nod  
And the ghost of a smile—  
For Me.

The weather was mentioned  
And so was the cat—  
By You.

Forgotten engagement  
And grab for my hat—  
By Me.

Small refund on roses—  
By Florist.

## INCURABLE

When everything is said and done.  
God help the man I say,  
Who has for mate a jealous wife  
To vex him every way.

If so be it he err but once,  
He n'er can make amends.  
He might as well be deep in hell,  
They never can be friends.

Let her but think her idol's feet  
Are only made of clay.  
Farewell to happiness and love.  
Forever and a day.

A careless word—a jest—a glance.  
A "trifle light as air."  
Will ope' the floodgates of her wrath.  
And plunge both in despair.

When memories of bygone days  
And love songs both have sung.  
Have no restraining power upon  
A woman's venom'd tongue.

Then tear her image from ycur heart.  
Regardless of the pain.  
And let ye part, and go thy ways,  
And never meet again.

## A PLEA

Listen, my boy, to the words of a man  
Who's hair is now sprinkled with grey.  
You will never regret, having hearkened to me  
As you journey along Life's Highway.  
Don't sneer, my dear boy, at the poor aged man  
Who never from poverty rose.  
You will only cause sorrow—you easily can,  
*For he may—hit you a punch in the nose.*

## REST

When your're heartsick, tired and worn,  
Wishing you were never born,  
That's the time for you to rest;  
All by yourself, I think, is best.

Wife's all right, and mother, too,  
But sometimes even they won't do.  
What you really need is rest;  
All by yourself, I think, is best.

And when alone, don't think, don't try,  
And if you are a woman, cry.  
Lay down your load awhile, and rest;  
All by yourself, I think, is best.

Perhaps you'll feel a sense of shame,  
But that's all right—you're not to blame,  
*Don't have to quit.* Just take a rest;  
All by yourself, I think, is best.

There, that's better . . . Now, don't you fret;  
Why, you ain't even half licked yet.  
All you need is just a rest;  
*All by yourself, you'll find, is best.*

## SNARLYOSITIES

*Don't* neglect your wife, business, or razor.

Your razor and business won't stand neglect.

*Don't* boast of the business you did during the war.

Keep mum—keep all.

*Man* sez he is God's noblest handiwork.

Gee! You ought to see me.

*Woman*—Salt of the earth.

Other kinds too—dad knows—ask him.

*Love*—Obsolete, tho marvelous imitations can be obtained.

*Kindness*—Caring for your own, People, Pulpit, Party—  
and Pup.

*Jealousy*—The malady of fools.

I've had it, have you?

*Church*—Cloak emporium.

(For lots and lots of us.)

*Money*—Linguist extraordinaire—in any language.

*Virtue*—Running mate for radium. Think it over.

*Joy*—The ability to kid yourself.

*Sorrow*—Realization of what you are.

*Death*—A true friend. Impatient—and a bit hasty—at  
times.

## THE WINNER

Jump into the ring with you coat off, kid,  
And show them just what you can do,  
For there's many a man with a three-sheet name  
That hasn't a thing on you.

But they had the grit—these three-sheet men,  
And just made up their minds to be "it."  
Many a time they were beat to the ropes,  
But they didn't know how to *quit*.

And now they are 'way up among 'em,  
And live on the fat of the land.  
Their fourflushing days are over and gone,  
And they meet everywhere the glad hand.

So don't hell around with the dames, boy,  
And just let that old booze thing alone.  
You'll have plenty of time to roll your hoop  
When you don't have to count every "bone."

Then get the right people to listen,  
And show them just what you can do,  
For there's many a man with a three-sheet name  
Not a damn bit smarter than you.

## THE RECALL

You went away and did not say farewell.

You left me with a smile, and that was all.  
Your going seemed to break some mystic spell  
That held my voice, my heart and soul, in thrall.

I did not dream that I would miss you so,  
I never thought that you could go away  
Without word or token that would let me know  
That we would meet again some future day.

My heart was yours, but unawakened lay,  
I loved you, dearest, but I did not know  
Until your absence made we want to pray  
For your return, because—I miss you so.



## REJECTED

Nature, or some Divinity who loved you, chose you from a multitude of womankind to receive the One Gift that elevates your sex to an almost Divine level.

Chose you above many good women and true who would gladly go down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, for the mere chance of emerging therefrom with a living Bud from the Garden of Life. And you—how did you receive your wonderous favor? With joy and gratitude? No—you took your Gift and flung it out of the world—to grope its way back to the loving arms from whence it came.

Oh! the pity of it! Think of those little hands held forth in supplication at the foot of the Great White Throne, craving mercy for one whom it were sacrilege to call Mother.

And at that—the poor bruised, rejected little Flower—may be the means of gaining your *forgiveness*.

## THE BOOKING AGENCY

I opened up an office, 'round the corner off Broadway  
For booking every kind of act, singer, sketch or play,  
Where professionals and amateurs of high and low degree,  
Are often eager to sign up when tired of "liberty."

The "artistes" and the actresses I meet with every day  
Have some peculiarity of odd eccentric way.  
The fat ones would be Juliets, the lean ones long for tights,  
While frantic foreign females make me listen to their plights.

The men are not a bit like that, they own up their immense,  
And will let me know about the part when ready to commence.

They are wedded to their Art, they say, all else is plumb  
forgotten,  
But ere they leave they let me know the salary is rotten.

All mirth and fun—Ah! no; just watch that smile that  
covers sorrow.

That poor, brave smile, that *makes* one say: "You might  
drop in tomorrow."

Oh! the pathos, heartache, failure; the dreams that won't  
come true

Make one hate their avocation, long for something else to do.

At times we disagree, I know—but among that kindly crew  
Are a lot of true and loyal souls the best I ever knew.

Like an arrow from the bow they leaped when red war's  
tocsin rang,

They gathered gold, gave life and limb, and thru it all they  
sang.

Money is my recompense, but there is pure delight  
In helping real ability to win a losing fight,  
And tho lacking lights and music there is always sure to be  
Real comedy—real drama—in a Booking Agency.

## WHY LAMENT

Should friend, wife or sweetheart  
Prove faithless to you,  
    Forget it, don't weep or complain,  
For the fish that are taken  
Each day from the sea  
    Are no better than those that remain.

## TURN OUT THE GUARD!

You find something in this country not in any other land,  
For there's not an imposition that our people will not stand;  
If it's coated with "Religion," and put over with a prayer,  
Any sacreligious vandal can get backing anywhere.

Ever since the birth of Freedom, in this land we love so  
well,

There has been a class of creatures who would make this  
land a hell.

They opposed the great Commander, did their best for Eng-  
land's cause,

Always hated Old Columbia, and would circumvent her  
laws.

Every day they show their power in our legislative halls.

See that thing that you elected, watch it jump! when master  
calls.

They have even bid defiance to the Presidential Chair,  
And dictate ultimatums to our people—everywhere.)

And the spineless herd around us do not seem to realize  
That their birthright has been stolen right before their  
very eyes.

Naught remains now but illusions, since they are no longer  
free,

While the new Czar of Columbia, laughs at them in hell-  
ish glee.

Who bereft us of our birthright? Was it by a foreign foe?  
Not at all! The ones that robbed us, even Judas wouldn't  
know.

His was but a crime of terror. Fear had gripped his craven  
soul,  
But the ones who *tricked* Columbia are still adding to their  
roll.

Mighty ships are lying idle, mines give forth no welcome  
store,  
Harvest fields and laughing vinyards doesn't mean much  
any more.  
Everything is at a standstill, idleness and crime prevail,  
Business men won't hazard money, fearing they are sure  
to fail.

But aside from loss of Freedom, there's the ridicule and  
shame  
That these people put upon us when Abroad one speaks  
our name.  
What would Farragut or Dewey say about our Navy now  
If they came aboard a Cruiser, with a sniff-hound in the  
prow?

Now the women (heaven bless 'em), was heard from late  
last Fall—  
For they've had enough of Volstead, and they took his scalp  
—that's all!  
She has has seen her country ruined, all respect for law  
decline,  
And in Freedom's ranks you'll find her, keeping step and  
right in line.

Now, in God's name let's awaken, to the danger we are in.  
Let the old stock and the new stock get together—plan to  
win!

Then at the polls with mighty power obtain just what we  
need—

*Life, Liberty, and Happiness*, and to every man his creed.

When we started as a Nation, *Freedom* was our battle-cry.

When we won! 'twas the foundation of the Flag we raised  
on high,

And that Flag has borne a Message, that the lowliest could  
read,

*But we've broken faith with every man George Washing-  
ton did lead!*

## NEAR LUVAIN

When the hero returned to the land of his birth  
In all hearts he held royal domain,  
For not only England, but all of the earth,  
Had thrilled o'er his deed—near Luvain.

And there on his plebeian breast was a gage  
That his peers would give life to obtain,  
While his name is writ large upon history's page,  
For his superman fight—near Luvain.

It was not among worshipping peasant or peer,  
But alone that I met him again,  
And besought him that night o'er a drop o' good beer  
To describe that great day—near Louvain.

“Wy, the papers 'ave told just about 'ow it was,  
A bit padded, but right, in the main,  
An' old England seems pleased, for she gimmie the Cross  
There in France—on the field—near Luvain.

'Twas the gun—that damn gun—kep' us all from our goal,  
And I watched it 'til nearly insane  
As it coldly an' calmly collected its toll  
From our lads who now sleep—near Luvain.

Well, yeh read 'ow I smashed 'em—not a man turned to  
fly—  
An' I wiped 'em all out in a rain—  
O' bullets an' shells as went a bit 'igh,  
In the fight for that gun—near Luvain.



You'll be first one to know of a thing that was done  
In that "nightmare o' bloodlust an' strain,"  
I found when 'twas over, I'd killed an old friend,  
In that short glimpse o' hell—near Luvain.

Yes! there 'e lay 'mong the others—'is 'ead battered in.  
No mistake! it was Carl—that was plain—  
'E was just a young fellow I worked with at 'ome.  
God, 'e put up some fight—near Luvain.

In that time 'fore the War, it was "Mutter" an' "Frou"  
That he longed for—but would never complain,  
An' when he started for 'ome, I can feel 'is grip now,  
'Twas the last 'til we met—near Luvain. ♣

Yes! I'm proud o' my Cross, and I'm proud o' my King,  
Still, I try to forget, but in vain.  
That 'twas not only Carl that I killed in that fight,  
But a woman, who *was not*—near Luvain.

## INDISPENSABLE

Here's to the fool, God bless him,  
What would this world be to-day  
If the faddist or crank, by fate's whimsical prank  
Gained the power to send him away.

What then would become of Dan Cupid?  
What would the bookmakers do?  
Wall Street would crash for lack of their cash,  
And so would that "Pussyfoot" crew.

The flim-flammer, mountebank, gambler,  
The shysters of Gospel and law,  
The big politician, who gains his position  
With "jack" and the power of his jaw.

The blackmailing dame with the diamonds,  
The crooks with "collection" and "drive,"  
Thep all grab the "dough" that the foolish bestow,  
Then marvel how "suckers" do thrive.

The "elect" kept alive by the taxes,  
Won by sweat of the workingman's brow,  
Tells that poor thirsty wight, when he mentions his plight,  
"You may fill on the swill, we allow!"

Why, the fakers who live on the foolish  
Would reach to the banks of the Nile.  
Just imagine the havoc would follow,  
Their exile to some foreign isle.

On that day of the fool's deportation,  
How I'd laugh at the grief of the vile.  
But alas! not for me such a vision of glee!  
For I'd be one of the first on that isle!

# THE BIRTH OF A POET

## A FANTASY

Long had I knelt at Posey's gentle shrine, craving just one boon of the fair goddess, nor had I come to her with barren breast, and cold—or she had not laid her cherished gems upon her brow, where they shone like beaten gold.

Glimpses of her fair self had she vouchsafed me. Standing, now in bosky dell with dewy lips, adroop, and oh! such dreamy sadness in the glance of her moist eyes.

Again, with laughing brow and green tendrils of a flowering vine, woven in the gleaming masses of her hair, she stood. 'Twas in this gracious mood that she did'st harken to my plaint—not made with mortal lips, but with soul aflame with eager question, thus I spake:

“Tell me, your humble slave, oh! goddess divine, why I—in whose deathless soul are mines of poetic gems that if caught as they well forth in all their warm sweet beauty, and placed in golden setting with the heavenly skill of Byron, would shed a warm glow across the cold, grey path of life, even as did his matchless Jewels; why? I ask, in all humility, have not I even as he, the boon I crave?”

Then came darkness—and my answer. Slowly I began to discern two massive gates of pearl that swung open on their golden hinge. Forth came an angel with great white wings, in whose tender arms lay a little child. Straight to this earth he flew, and placed his precious burden on the white, warm breast of a woman. Then, with a smile of infinite sweetness, turned he to depart for those realms from whence he came. And the baby—putting forth its tiny hand to stay his flight—*plucked from his pearly wing a quill. I had my answer.*”

## HAVE YOU LIVED?

You have not lived, you have not walked with God  
Unless your eyes brimmed bitter tears,  
Unless your soul has shook with fears,  
Unless you've lean'd across a bed  
And saw some loved one lying dead.

Or something brought you to your knees  
From yon proud pinnacle of ease,  
To crave your God, with aching heart,  
Bid some sorrow to depart.

And as He bade you to arise,  
He healed your wounds, He dried your eyes.  
And when you reach that mystic shore,  
He is all you need, there's nothing more.

*There's nothing more.*

## CALL A HALT!

Get this—men and women of America—you are *not* fighting God or Government when you get together and use your tremendous power to restore and prevent further desecration of our blood-bought *Constiution!*

## JUST A KISS

Just a kiss—

That's all!

Just a glimpse o' heaven, a heaven of many-colored clouds, and bands of angels, singing angels with golden wings and harps attuned to perfect melody. All in a kiss, you say? Yes, all in *your* kiss,

And more—

Much more!

Just a kiss—

That's all!

Taken, with half-closed, sightless eyes, from frightened, softly-clinging lips. The instant nuptials of two languorous souls, leaving each gazing into eyes aflame with thrills of wondering ecstasy o'er bliss attained, and limpid with love's joyous moisture, that is akin to tears. All in a kiss, you say? Yes, all in *your* kiss!

And more—

Much more!

## MY NODLAND LASS

Who is this girl I meet by night  
In the Beautiful Land o' Dreams?  
I seem obsessed 'til I meet this maid,  
Who's eyes thru the moon-mist gleams.

She leads me to places where liquors flow,  
And her minions make golden brew;  
And there in her arms she whispers low,  
"All that heavenly hootch is for you."

But, alas! Soon I'm banished by stern command,  
When the "spirit of light" appears,  
And the girl shares my exile from drowsyland,  
Until I awake—in tears.



## THE LIMIT

I have met the eye of an angry man  
    With clenched fist and frothing jaw;  
I have stood for the lies of a vengeful dame  
    Without recourse to word or law;  
I have even laughed when a clever rogue  
    Didst scanty shekles from my purse beguile;  
But, there's one effront I will not brook—  
    That's the caustic venom of a dirty smile.

## WHEN YOU'RE THRU

When once you let a woman see  
Your feet are only clay,  
You might as well just quit, dear friend—  
Be up and on your way.

Go build yourself another nest,  
Another bird will come;  
Seek not solace in the grave,  
Nor fly to demon rum.

Go garb yourself in rich array,  
Wash neck, and roach your hair,  
Put shekels in thy purse, dear friend—  
You'll need them—everywhere.

For shekels put you on a plane,  
Where pikers cannot rise,  
So that when you grab some winsome wench,  
You won't have to Hooverize.

## BLISS DENIED

Prate not to me of unrequitted affection. Am I not in sorer straits than thee? Thou, to whom is given the right to dream, plead, strive; aye, and lay thy throbbing heart upon thy loved one's shrine, and with tongue inspired with love's sweet eloquence, win mayhap thy soul's desire.

Whilst I can never in this life, by so much as one poor word, betray the mad love that has gript me—as if with hooks of steel.

## SHAMELESS FLIRTATION

A young lady held out her dimpled hand to me on a car today. We had never met before, but she seemed to think an introduction entirely unnecessary. I took the young lady's hand and said something formal and rather silly—simply because her mother had her eye on both of us.

But what I longed to do was gather her up and kiss her round, soft, dimpled arms; talk baby talk, and hug her just as much as ever I wanted to. But her mother (a selfish person) kept her on her lap.

Still her look of regret at parting made me smile softly and proudly many times during a very trying and busy day.

## THE LOOKOUT

'Twas a cold day in Hades, old Nick was in pain ;  
He was suffering the pangs of dyspepsia again.  
He turned up his nose at nice salads of fire,  
And brimstone croquettes only kindled his ire.

Now, old Nick altho sick, was as sharp as a pin,  
And saw something wrong with the sins coming in.  
Tho arriving in bags holding thousands or more,  
They were only the sins of the lonely and poor.

So he ordered his four brightest imps to appear,  
And dispatched them to earth with these orders so clear:  
"See that ye bring me the sins of the rich,  
The high and exalted not of those in the ditch."

So one sped to our Senate, one to Holland did steer,  
Another held up a big fat profiteer.  
This imp held his nose, for a profiteer vile,  
Is so rank that the devil can smell him a mile.

The fourth found an honest-to-God little church  
To fill up his bag but got left in the lurch.  
He felt he could get a large bagful or more,  
But was stopped by a fat, rosy kid at the door.

The three other imps, with bags filled to the brim,  
Sought and found the fourth imp and just ridiculed him.  
"Well, I'm glad that you came, now you bet I'll get by,  
We'll combine and get rid of this fresh little guy."

“Why, you simp,” they replied, “don’t you know who is  
here,  
Why, it’s Love, perfect Love, whom all devils do fear.  
And in spite of us all, right there he will stay,  
Only cranks and reformers can drive him away.

“So, pick up your bag, you cannot get in;  
You will have to go elsewhere to hustle for sin.  
’Tis no place for devils, with Love watching near,  
*So, come on, get a move—get to hell out of here.*”

## IN THERE

Gee! how I wish I was in the ring,  
This waiting down here doesn't do a thing  
To a feller's nerve. Say, Tut! do yuh think,  
They'll kick on this tape—for the other gink  
What's that? Not a seat left in the Hall  
And the gang all here—why don't they call?  
You say he's a "cinch" for an inside right,  
But his left—when landed—spells a sweet goodnight.

Listen to that! who's in there now  
Holy smokes! what an awful row.  
The Gas House Idol—just lost in three?  
Well! come on, get ready, the next is me.  
Scared? Why no! This isn't fear!  
If I was yella I wouldn't be here.  
Say! Why don't you sing it about his left?  
Take a peek at this right—wanta feel it's heft?

To the sou'west corner? All right, old top.  
If we git that corner, we're sure to cop.  
Gangway! Boys, make a passage, please;  
What this dump needs is a little breeze.  
Say! that was nice of that little dame,  
She wished me luck, an' she knows me name.  
Well! here we are in the ring, at last,  
And win or lose, the worst is past.

"Don't hit in the clinches," I understand.  
May the best man win, Kid—give us yer hand!  
Clang! Shapes up well! But he missed me twice!  
Why, he couldn't hit me, wit' a pound o' rice!

Crash! What's the matter? Thud! What a pain!  
Them aint stars that's a golden rain!  
What happened, fellers? Where are yuh, Tut?  
Why, what do they mean by "Git up!—yuh mut."

Saved by the bell! when the count was seven.  
Say, Tut! that stuff musta come from heaven,  
I'm all right, now. See 'em nod an' smile;  
They think they've got us—by a thousand mile,  
Don't worrie, Tut, about this fight,  
For I'm goin' to win it, with an inside right.  
There goes the bell! See that dirty sneer.  
If he starts that swing it'll end—right here.

He's goin' to do it! Hope yer lookin'; Tut,  
For he's one o' the guy's sed, "Get up! Yuh Mut,"  
Here it comes! from the hip like a flash of light!  
But I beat him to it—with me inside right!  
I step inside with a lightning shift—  
And put all I have, in a twisting lift.  
"Yer out," sez the count. Not so bad—for a "Mut,"

\* \* \* \* \*

*But me shoestrings are busted from that left one, Tut!!*



## NIKA-CUMTUX

(I SAVVY)

Bob, just laid the book down that you gave the Kid,  
And I laid it down with a sigh.  
For I like that man and the things he did.  
In that land o' the leaden sky.

For I too have lived as he has lived,  
In that land where the salmon swum  
In the Frazier's whirl—and a Kloochman Girl,  
Was my Klos Nika Tillicum.

*And every time I'd turn a page the old days came in view  
And there stood many a pal o' mine, tho I didn't know  
Dan McGrew.*

And sometimes, Bob, in these flinty streets.  
Where the pickins' o' hell parade.  
I long to be—in that Illihee  
Where life is not all—masquerade.

## ON GUARD, AMERICANS!

They threaten to part us, but oh! what a chance,  
You slim white beauty—so round and fair,  
You hung on my lips 'mid the poppies of France,  
When the grim, cold reaper was everywhere.  
In the chill night mistral—the mud and rain,  
You smiled in my eyes like an Eastern Star,  
You smoothed from my forehead the furrows of pain,  
And pictured my home—o'er the billows afar.  
That day in the "Forest," when the world went mad,  
And my quiet "Buddie" paid the final toll,  
You were last on the lips of that smiling lad,  
When the summons came to his dauntless soul.

So these sanctified bigot's, these breeders of hate,  
These moron's who live by the fad's they beget,  
Must be taught a stern lesson, by our country and state,  
In this fight to a finish—for our Queen Cigarette!

## WHAT IS LOVE

You ask me to tell you what love is, Kid,  
And you want me to speak out plain.  
You say you will listen and do as I bid,  
Tho I warn you from love to refrain.  
Having looked into eyes of a heavenly hue,  
Framed in tresses of golden sheen.  
Your soul seeks to know if those eyes are true,  
And those sweet smiles are all that they seem.

What is Love? Lad, believe me, and list to me well.  
I know this imposter, and the truth I will tell—  
That his victims are legion, like the sands of the sea,  
And he seeks to destroy them wherever they be.  
He uses the methods the ancient gods had,  
And begins their destruction by making them mad.  
He wrecks with his arts a once happy home,  
And drives forth its inmates in sorrow to roam.

In return for his smiles and blandishments brief,  
Full many a man he has branded a thief.  
He will tear from her side a widow's lone son,  
Or a man from his hearthstone, dishonored—undone.  
That shape that is floating out there with the tide,  
Is one of "Love's" victims, to whom he has lied.  
See the mud in his nostrils, his hair full of slime.  
That poor lad was "lovable" once on a time.

It is not only men, lad, but women there be  
Who suffer in silence, yet long to be free,  
And gladly would end all their sorrows and woe,  
Were it not for a little one; no one will know.

Perhaps, my dear fellow, you think it is wrong  
To speak of "sweet love" in a manner so strong,  
And you wonder if Love ever forced me to kneel.  
He puts scars on my heart, lad, that never will heal.  
He has marked you, my boy, and is forming a plan  
To make you a thing—instead of a man.  
So fight out in the open, be cautious and brave  
Be love's master, my boy—or he'll make you his slave.

## NONPLUSSED

Each Sunday I the papers scan  
And view the face of some rich man.  
And eke the one that is to be  
His better half or more, maybe.  
And as I gaze on her profile  
Within me something seems to rile.  
'Twill always be a mystery  
How some men lose their liberty.

## MARY

Mary hath a charming dimple,  
In the middle of her chin.  
Mary's bright eyes hath a twinkle,  
That'll get you—sure as sin.  
When it comes to fooling Mary,  
Making b'lieve you're not impressed  
You will find out, if you linger,  
You're a "good thing" like the rest.

Mary wears her clothes like no one,  
Mary's manner is sublime,  
But I'm agoing to break with Mary,  
For her flirting is a crime.  
She can go her way—forever.  
I won't even speak her name.  
Oh! darn that phone! What? This you, Mary?  
Sure! I was just goin' over when your message  
came!

## WHEN FATHER WAS FIRED

When father, dear father, comes home to us now,  
There is grief in his heart, there's a cloud on his brow.  
For the bell start's aringing, and in comes a mob  
Of collectors who heard that poor Dad lost his job.

First came the landlord, demanding his rent,  
Then that pest of a gasman, on trouble intent.  
And the furniture man, with his book, at the door,  
While the iceman is making a horrible roar.

The milkman has threatened to cut off our milk,  
And the grocery man thinks we are all on the bilk.  
Our tailor (a Dutchman) his scanty locks tore,  
And the cobbler won't cobble for us any more.

The man with insurance, the man with the rolls,  
And piano collector are after their tolls.  
The Jew that let mother have dresses on time,  
Sheds tears, bitter tears, oh his grief is sublime.  
The man on the corner has quit selling beer,  
And the laundry man put a large flea in our ear.  
The janitor frowns when we meet on the stair,  
And fearing a "touch," all our "friends" take the air.

Now comes the mailman with duns by the dozen,  
And a registered letter for Dad—from his cousin.  
"Ma, Bob's dead—and left me fifty thousand. Poor Bob."  
Well! You ought to see Ma, getting right on the job.

## OUT IN FRONT

Now let me get you right,—old man.  
You're licked, you say—did all you can.  
And that's all you can ask of any man.

But that aint so!

For since I had that talk with you.  
I ran across a little Jew  
One day last week on Eighth Avenue.

Whom YOU should know.

He was old and grey—he was small and thin.  
But fulla' pep and was out to win,  
And over one arm was some kinda skin.

He had for show.

I followed him along the street  
'Till he a younger Jew did meet.  
And to watch his work was something sweet.

I'll tell ya, bo!

When the old boy gently began to chin,  
I'd bet a million—he couldn't win,  
But the things he did with that punky skin.

Took the brown chapeau!

He held a part of it to the light,  
Some other parts he kept out o' sight.  
He could "Do His Stuff!" and he done it Right

He was "rearing to go."

The other guy was a hard boiled egg.  
And at first he wouldn't move a peg.  
But the old man scored on the final leg.

*And got his dough!*



Then he pulled his derby down on his ears,  
Threw out his chest and for home he steers.  
And I wanted to give him three rousing cheers!  
As he turned to go!  
He was "Comme il faut."

## HAVE U EVER?

Have U ever built castles that grew less and less,  
Have U ever had thoughts that you dare not express,  
Have U ever got tired of a job nearly done,  
Have U ever quit cold in a race nearly won?

No? Some do!

Have U ever said, "Folks! I won't smoke any more",  
Have U quit for two days and made everyone sore,  
Have U kicked the poor cat, nearly murdered the mutt.  
Have U laughed like a loon, as you lit an old butt?

No? Some do!

Have U ever with wifey been taken to tea,  
Have U there met Professor McLeer o' Dundee.  
Have U sat in a corner feeling dumb as a bat,  
Have U snuck out and "beat it" and left 'em all flat?

No? Some do!

Have U made up your mind on a dentist to call,  
Have U stood knees a-knocking outside in the hall,  
Have U climbed in the chair, saying "here's where I die,"  
Have U had to laugh lightly—when you wanted to cry?

No? Some do!

Have U got out of bed with a terrible thirst,  
Have U drank and drank water 'til your tank nearly burst,  
Have U searched the whole house for just one little drink,  
Have U found a Sahara—and went back to the sink?

No? Some do!

Have U formed an opinion on what people think,

Have U noticed their latest expression on drink.  
Have U viewed with alarm the returns from the polls.  
Have U *seen some big fakers all shot full of holes?*

*You have?*  
So did I!!  
Ha! ha! ha!  
So sorry!  
He! he! he!

## ALONE

It seems to be my fate on this cold shore—to be alone. Wonder if in realms beyond the stars I'll be alone? When just a tot a-playing on the floor my mother left me for another shore. I was alone.

I grew to be a seemly youth, and met one who loved me, and I—not only her did I love, but every one on whom she smiled, the clinging garments she wore, her little shoes, that I could almost hide within my loving palms.

I loved the soft waving tendrils of her golden hair, that the roguish zephyrs fain would use to caress her blushing cheek and beauteous lips, quivering with all the emotions of her tender heart.

And then—then came something in the night that stilled forever the heart that loved me.

And again—I am alone.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

It's gittin' colder, an' it's goin' to snow,  
An' he's jist a feller 'at hasn't any place to go.

Well! . . . what of it—I would like to know?  
Oh! Nuthin' . . . Much . . . But it's goin' to snow  
An' he's jist a feller 'at hasn't any place to go.

## LOVE'S VICTORY

Up from the South where the cotton grows,  
From a sleepy town where the Suwanee flows,  
Came a girl, just a girl with form devine.  
Another pearl for the city's swine.

I met and loved her and fain would be  
Her humble slave thru eternity,  
But my love must forever remain untold,  
For the dewy bud deems a flower old.

With all the power of my heart and soul  
I sought to save, but she paid the toll  
To this town accursed where the harpies wrest  
The tender bird from the parent nest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! Thou in the hollow of Whose hand  
Repose the mighty sea and land,  
Give back, I pray, my wounded dove to me,  
And I will ask no greater boon to thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last I found her, no loved one nigh,  
She had crept away—alone—to die.  
From her sunken cheeks had the roses fled  
And the golden tresses from her shorn head.

She sobbed her story on my loving breast,  
Then I told mine and bade her rest.  
She kissed me—thought awhile—and smiled,  
Then slept contented, like a little child.

Two golden years of all my life—the best,  
I've called her mine—her babe at breast.  
Our little home, the love-light in her eyes,  
God's mercy makes our nest a Paradise.

## BYGONES

Say! Why don't yeh look where yer goin'?  
Wake up, come to life, if yeh can.  
Why, hello Dave, old top we near hit yeh;  
Don't be sore, git right in here, ole man.  
Well, I haven't seen you since that mornin'  
We both tried to 'list, you got by,  
But they wudn't take me for a sojer,  
For they told me I had a bum eye.

Lots o' things happened to me, Dave,  
Since that mornin' I tried to enlist.  
When rejected, I went over to Jersey,  
Our old Uncle Sam to assist.  
In the shops I was put with a night gang,  
Where I thot of a part for a gun.  
Got a patent, and oodels of money,  
Just for making it hot for the Hun.

You remember o' course I was married  
To the best little girl in the land.  
But as soon as I got the big money  
I went wrong, Dave. My fault, understand.  
She wasn't long gittin' my number,  
And in court, where they took me one day,  
The Judge shook me down for a fortune.  
I was only too eager to pay.

The Court won't permit me to see her,  
But her maid keeps me posted, yeh see.  
An' she sez that her Missus starts talkin',  
Every once in a while, about me.



Sez she had an old trunk from the basement  
Brought up on her nice parlor floor  
An' her rugs wus soon littered with trinkets,  
We usta git in the Five an' Ten Store.

Don't yeh 'member how poor we wur, David,  
When we lived over on the East Side.  
I thot of those days, when the maid sez,  
"She looked over that rubbish, an' cried."  
I cud see us both walkin' together,  
Hand-in-hand and keepin' time with the song.  
The girl at the counter was singin'  
As we bought things, an' moseyed along.

I'm a takin' yuh 'round to her home, Dave.  
There it is, she will see *you*, ole man  
Go in, pard, an' see can yuh square things,  
Fer me, make it strong as yeh can.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, Dave, did she seem to be angry,  
When yuh sed what I told yeh to say?  
What? Sez she still has muh pipe an' ole slippers?  
Say, Dave. How in hell do yuh pray?

## THINKING OF YOU

I miss you when the dewdrops, dear,  
Are glistening on the flowers.  
I miss your loving little ways,  
Thru all the lonely hours.  
But every day there comes a time,  
I miss you most of all.  
It is when the night winds murmur, low,  
As the evening shadows fall.

## AHEAD O' HOOVER

Mother used to make us eat the crusts and crumbs to become wise. And it was a long time before I became wise —to mother.

## “DAMN YANKEES”

### ARE THERE ANY LEFT?

“On reaching the Green, the British soldiers found the Americans arranged in line of battle.

The Minute Men numbered about 70, while the British, headed by Major Pitcairn, numbered nearly 800. Pitcairn, dashing into the center of the Minute Men, exclaimed, ‘Disperse, ye damn Yankee dogs! Lay down your arms!’ An officer fired his pistol into the face of one of the Minute Men—killing him on the spot. Then there was a general firing from along the line of the British on the road, and 8 Americans were killed. The British then hastened to Concord.”—*From Lexington and Concord.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Just awhile ago I lingered,  
By the grave of Paul Revere.  
Read with pride the name of Hancock,  
Carved in marble, standing near.  
Stood upon the spot where heroes  
Met trained foemen, fought and fell.  
Massacred for not submitting,  
Unto laws conceived in hell.

Bared my head upon the gun deck  
Of the “Constitution” old,  
Sleeping in historic waters,  
Dreaming of her sailors bold.  
Lost to everything around me,  
As I stood in Faneuil Hall,  
And beheld as in a vision  
Gallant men with Warren fall.  
Then with pride my heart was throbbing,

As I watched the setting sun  
Bathe the Bethlehem of freedom,  
On the plains of Lexington.  
Once again I see them springing,  
Gun in hand, from hill and glen,  
Heroes who will live forever—  
Parker, and his "Minute Men."

Not for them the aid and counsel  
Of the peerless Washington.  
Not for them the hidden trenches  
Nor the murderous modern gun  
There they stand in line o' battle,  
Under orders not to fire.  
Thus the haughty Pitcairn found them,  
Cursed, and bade them to retire.

"Stand your ground," cried gallant Parker.  
"Hold your fire, let them begin!"  
Right from there take up the story,  
Learn how freemen die or win.  
How the British fared at Concord,  
Their retreat, and what befell—  
Would to God I had the power  
Of all their glorious deeds to tell!

Keep in mind those men of iron  
When next you battle at the polls  
For the Liberty they left you,  
Now imperiled by craven souls.  
Slay that beast called "Reformation,"  
Wrest from it that blood bought gem—  
*Stolen! In a time of trial*  
*From Columbia's diadem.*

## THE TITANIC

Out there in the deep she is sleeping, she sleeps  
While here on the land, we are weeping—we weep.  
Weeping for cabin and steerage, but who  
Can ever forget that grand Captain and crew.  
Can ever forget how those wonderful wives,  
Remained with their Men—at the cost of their lives.

And there was another of that gallant band,  
Whom I wronged in my thoughts—for which I'm un-  
manned.

Like a fool I could not see the man 'neath the skin,  
And had sneeringly dubbed him a soldier of "tin."  
But his comrades in arms can proudly relate  
How this smiling "tin soldier," sans fear, met his fate.

And that stout hearted hero who's millions would buy  
Some of Earth's kingdoms, yet who scorned to rely  
On the power of his wealth, tho he knew in his heart  
That the moment had come when from earth he must part.  
So hold your head proudly, you kin of his clan,  
And always remember—he died like a man.

Out there in the deep.

## JUST DIRT

Why, Nell! This is really a pleasure,  
I was just only thinking of you,  
Take off your things and sit over here,  
While a cup of nice tea I will brew.  
I've been dying to see you, and tell you,  
Some things that May Smithers told me,  
But she made me declare and solemnly swear,  
That they "won't go no further" you see.

Let me fill up your cup again, dearie,  
Tho I fear it's a trifle too weak,  
Have a biscuit, and some of that jelly,  
But don't look at me—I'm a freak.  
And my hair—it is perfectly horrid,  
For I can't do a thing with it now,  
Since I washed it last night, it looks like a fright.  
Twisted up like the tail of a cow.

May Smithers? Why yes! She's been talking.  
Declares you are crazy to wed,  
But said any man who would look at you twice,  
Must surely be out of his head.  
She did not disparge your morals,  
But said you were sinfully plain,  
And marveled that you were so healthy,  
As you would never see forty again.

Then said I: "May! you *must* be mistaken,  
Nell *looks* as young as aunt Kate.  
And I know from my personal knowledge,  
That aunty is just thirty eight."

Said she: "The poor thing must feel naked,  
Her clothes are so old and threadbare,  
And her hat made a 'hit' on her mother,  
When she went to Chicago's World Fair."

She also referred to your manners,  
And the size of your hands and your feet.  
And said she could hardly stop laughing,  
As you "waddled" along on the street.  
Why, Nell! Goodness gracious! What ails you?  
She's gone! and her face was so red!  
Now I wonder if she was offended,  
*At something or other I said.*



## THE NEGATIVE MAN

*I Never—*

Was a happy man, I'm saddest when I sing.  
Can explain about the War, or anything.  
Was a funny man, my ears refuse to wag.  
Had enough o' booze to last me thru a jag.

*I Never—*

Could prevent my pants from bagging at the knee.  
Had a handsome shoe that didn't torture me.  
Pick the winner in a horse race or a fight,  
Drink the stuff I brew, it never comes out right.

*I Never—*

See my girl alone, my heart is filled with gloom,  
Can induce her kin, to rise and leave the room.  
Get a single chance to hold her little hand,  
Gave her anything her people haven't panned.

*I Never—*

Tried to hold a kid, but what I let it fall.  
Had the knack of being sociable at all.  
Had much luck at anything I say or do,  
For a moment think these lines are pleasing you.

### BUT

*I Never—*

Held the Treaty up with subterfuge and lie.  
Robbed a baby's bank, to make my country dry.  
Scared the Senate stiff, saying "Vote! or you retire."  
*Fired at Wilson's back—when he was under fire!*

## TO YOUR PHOTO

To gaze into those tranquil, beauteous eyes might cost a man his peace of mind. One beaming glance from their liquid depths, backed by a dimpled smile from those curved lips, would leave him bereft of sense and power, fit only for the jibes and silly sneers of a most heartless and unromantic world.

## THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

Most every show has some new plan  
To entertain the business man.

The Tired Business Man, I mean,  
That tired thing to me's a scream.

He may be a business man, all right,  
But he aint tired by a gosh darn sight!

You'll see him in some swell cafe  
All dolled up and so blasé  
Watch him when some dainty miss  
Gets his eye and does like this. (*Biz.*)

He may be a business man, all right,  
But he aint tired by a gosh darn sight!

Ride with him out in the park,  
Or hike in the parlor after dark.  
But if you do just watch your step,  
Don't pull the Ritz—this bird is hep.

He may be a business man, all right,  
But he aint tired by a gosh darn sight!

So, if you and the town are bonehead dry,  
Don't pity this Tired Business Guy.  
For the old town pump and the kitchen sink  
May be friends of yours—but not this gink.

He may be a business man, all right,  
But he aint tired by a gosh darn sight!

When he calls on you, all spick and span,  
Just sidestep Eddy, Jim or Dan.  
And go with him and have no fear.

For he has no use for twilight beer.  
He may be a business man, all right,  
But he aint tired by a gosh darn sight!

But just the same he's a regular guy,  
Good pal, some wiz, and never shy.  
He won't die on your hands, I'm here to tell.  
For a Tired Man—he travels well.  
He may be a business man, all right,  
But he aint tired by a gosh darn sight!

## FATHER'S PIPE

We loved our dear old father and we thought he should  
enjoy  
All the comforts of his happy home when through with his  
employ.  
But he drove us kids demented, and we thought the time  
was ripe  
To foment an insurrection and get rid of father's pipe.

He would fill that pipe with something that he whittled  
with a knife,  
And the essence from its reeking bowl would mark a man  
for life;  
But when he poked it with a wire and beat it on his palm,  
The house was filled with tumult where erstwhile all was  
calm.

Having found his evening paper and with spectacles on nose,  
He would light that blasted pipe of his, then elevate his  
toes.  
And upon my word of honor, when that pipe began to ooze,  
Mother sat right there beside him, calmly listening to the  
news.

A fireman loved dear sister and he called on her one night.  
She took him in the parlor and was turning down the light,  
When he got one whiff of father's pipe, then wildly took  
a flyer,  
And left her, crying, "Duty calls. The glue works are on  
fire."

One day I bought a splendid pipe, and took it home with  
pride,  
Believing he would use the new and cast the old aside.  
He looked it over carefully and finding nothing wrong,  
He locked it up until, he said, "Me old pipe gets too strong."

Then I summoned up my courage, and I told him plump  
and plain  
He ought to disinfect that pipe or never smoke again.  
"Ye scut," he roared, "get out o' here;" then swung his  
massive boot,  
And said, "If you could smell, ye dude, ye'd can that ciga-  
root!"

But that's all passed. From work one night he came home  
drenched with rain.  
And for weeks we worked and watched and prayed 'ere he  
was well again;  
And the happiest moment of my life, of a sentimental type  
Was the moment when I filled and lit and handed him his  
pipe.

## CHANGE OF HEART

When I was a little boy  
It filled my heart with pride  
To have a sword, a drum and gun,  
And hobby horse to ride.  
And until just before the War,  
I tho't how grand 'twould be.  
To wear fine medals on my breast  
So every one could see  
That I a mighty hero was,  
The bravest of the brave,  
And on a hundred battlefields  
Beheld our banner wave.  
But since the war I'm not so keen  
To be a hero man,  
For every Extra that I read  
Or Bulletin I'd scan  
Described some deed of valor  
That a hero did or tried.  
Then in a reminiscent way.  
*Told how that hero died.*

.

## FLY IN THE OINTMENT

A blazing fire upon the hearth,  
Cut glass upon the table.  
A purse of gold, to have and hold,  
As long as I am able.  
A bed of down across the hall,  
A bathrobe—gay and nifty.  
A porcelain tub—to splash and rub,  
A “missus” under fifty.

\* \* \* \* \*

A lucky guy, I am, you think?  
I am, like hell!—Without a drink!



## NO DOCTOR

My friends, when people come to you and say that you're  
in wrong,  
And criticize your handiwork, and knock you good and  
strong,  
Just let them speak their monologue, and when they are  
quite thru,  
Murmur softly, "I'm no doctor, but I know what's ailing  
you."

When a clever-talking fellow comes to me and says, "My  
friend,  
I can let you in on something Mr. Snortz will recommend,  
And you needn't pay at present, just your check or note  
will do."  
Then I murmur, "I'm no doctor, but I know what's ailing  
you."

When wifey call me "Honey", lets me tell a faded joke.  
Shoo's the kids away, and tells 'em , "We must let dear  
Daddy smoke  
In the parlor, if he wants to. Let me find your slippers,  
Lew."  
Then I mutter, "I'm no doctor, but I know what's ailing  
you."

When I see the congregation of a church grow less and less,  
And I listen to the pastor preach a namby-pamby mess,  
See him ruled by "nut" reformers, cater to a "holy" few,  
Then I murmur, "I'm no doctor, but I know what's ailing  
you."

When I see a lot of "champions" come a-sailing o'er the  
foam,  
And in less time than you tell it take a quarter million home,  
How their famous smile is working as they gaze on all they  
drew,  
Oh! you fight fans, "I'm no doctor but I know what's ail-  
ing you."

When I see a lot of husky cops go snooping after drinks  
Instead of cleaning up the town that with corruption stinks,  
When Uncle Sam allows these pests to do the things they  
do,  
I say, "Uncle, I'm no doctor, but I know what's ailing you."

Now my fellow saps and boneheads, who can't have a glass  
o' beer,  
If you don't get out and hustle when election time draws  
near,  
Bust this hellish combination—down that Prohibition crew,  
Well! "I'm not a regular doctor, *but I know what's ail-  
ing you.*"

## A GLUTTON FOR GLOOM

My wife is a charming creature,  
But her greatest joy is gloom.  
In the movies she wants murder,  
And new graves where lilies bloom.  
In the papers scans the columns  
Telling where the funerals go.  
Wonders how she'd look in mourning,  
Drenched in tears and walking slow.

She describes electrocutions,  
Knows the latest loss at sea,  
Tells the number killed by "moonshine,"  
Hints that "hootch" is getting me.  
Scares me stiff with sleeping sickness  
When I fall into a nap,  
Says a cootie's bite is fatal  
When there's typhus on the map.

I can rise up in the morning  
Feeling fine and full of glee,  
And in less than half an hour,  
I'm a hunk o' misery.  
Folks are murdered every minute,  
Kids are starving o'er the foam,  
Bolshevick are raising blazes,  
From St. Petersburg to Rome.

Wants to know if I'll stay single  
When they lay her in the tomb.  
Knows "these belchings aint for nothing,"  
But are warnings of her doom.

Says she means to hover o'er me  
When they lay her body low,  
Underneath the weeping willow,  
In the sinking sunset glow.

But I've done a lot of thinking  
Since a week ago tonight  
When my frail wife found a burglar  
And gave him an awful fight.  
Broke his jaw, ribs, arm and pelvis,  
While I hid beneath the bed.  
Doctor came, and said, "She's normal."  
Who? the burglar? Why, *he's dead!*

## AFTER SUPPER

Am a-listenin' to a lady,  
Whose hair is gold and grey,  
Idly toying with the keys  
Whisht! Now she starts to play.  
I sang that chune she's playin' now  
Some thirty years ago,  
One moonish night, with a girl in white,  
Whose voice was sweet and low,

“Oh! Believe me if all those endearing young charms——”

I'm a-sitting here while memory's hand  
Turn musty pages slow,  
And the lady—bless her gentle heart,  
Was that same girl you know.  
Ah! there is no change in Peggy's voice,  
'Tis sweeter, I believe.  
But mine! I dare not join her  
In the strains of “Genevieve”

“Oh! Genevieve, sweet Genevieve the days may come——”

There goes the bell, here comes the kids,  
Get out the cards and chips,  
Jack has a game from “Over There”  
They played in camps and ships.  
He sez it beats my “Forty Five”  
(Not in a million year)  
What's that he's singin' up the stairs,  
About the gang's all here?

“Hail! Hail! The gang's all here! What the hell do  
we care now.”

## ANONYMOUS

When you receive this little gift  
Pray use it as you will.

Did you but know the giver,  
You would really laugh your fill.

But my excuse for sending it  
Is in an ancient book,  
Wherein it says the humble cat  
May at the proud Queen look.

## WHY THEY SPLIT

They were Buddies—Ben and Ted—had been for years. Ben married. Then came War. (In Europe, I mean.) They answered their country's call and together in France gained merited honors. But in spite of this, Ben's strange actions worried Ted. Ever since the transport left New York, *Ben smiled*. In camp, trenches everywhere, Ben smiled, and when he wasn't smiling, he was laughing outright.

Ted would sometimes awaken in the night and hear Ben chuckling in his blankets. What could it mean? Ben was never like this at home, Ted became alarmed—visions of Ben in the throes of a mental collapse, assailed Ted. He looked over at Ben, good old Ben, who was gazing afar with happy eyes, still smiling.

In vain Ted tried to learn the cause of Ben's seemingly senseless mirth and now Ted's mind was made up. He would find the thing or influence that was wrecking the mind of his friend, and destroy it. But alas! He was to learn the truth—*eftsoons*. That very night things began to happen. A something in the air like an electric wave ran from one end of the trenches to the other. A few whispered words from officers to men—a tightening grip on rifle and self—a low command—they're gone—*over the top!*

\* \* \*

The objective gained, back came Ted, who had seen Ben fall at his side. He found him—still smiling. Ted's heart was bursting. He saw that Ben—good old Ben—his Buddy, was "Going West." He knelt beside him and took his hand. "Ben," said he, "before I take your last message to your wife, tell me why you have been so happy,

since leaving home, in spite of all the horror's of this terrible War. And Ben replied, still smiling: "Because, in all those happy months with you, old pal, I did *not* have to take Pekee on the roof, nor on the street at night, dodging my friends, pausing, hither and yon, accursed by many—and despised by all."

So this! This explains all! . . . Ted's eyes blazed as he fingered his big service automatic, then rose—and with a great effort, walked silently away . . . forever.

The War is over . . . Ben got well . . . He is back on the job. *And he has quit smiling.*



## 'T WAS EVER THUS

In these happy piping days of Peace  
We nominate some gink,  
Then ballyrag the other side  
And lay 'em out in pink

We show 'em up as highwaymen,  
Wire-tappers, crooks and worse;  
And for their reputations, folks,  
We never care a curse.

And when the fight is over,  
And the dead ones are interred,  
And our I-dol of the Pee-Pul  
Proves a very "taking" bird.

We just have to grin and bear it,  
Take our medicine like men,  
And at the next election.  
Do the same damn thing again.

## ACTION

As you journey thru life you often will find  
That you haven't a week to make up your mind.  
Quick action is called for, you can't hesitate,  
Or you'll find to your sorrow that you are too late—

Get busy.

For instance, your walking along the main street,  
When a vision of beauty you happen to meet,  
With a slow little smile and "Hello" in her eye,  
She's not walking fast but she's passing you by—

Your move.

With a large bunch of flowers still dripping with dew  
That put a large crimp in your scant revenue,  
You call on your girl, find another guy there,  
See her fixing his tie and arranging his hair—

Check out.

Should you drop in a place where millionaires eat,  
With just enough coin for a lunch without meat,  
When a girl from your home town comes slowly in view,  
And with a glad cry, makes a bee-line for you—

I pass.

If a guy with a grievance and blood in his eye,  
Should roll up his sleeves and swear you must die,  
And sez with your carcass he'll wipe up thee floor,  
Then on turning around you see a wide open door—

Why linger?

Have you had quite enough of those sanctified slops  
They permit us to drink when smelled by the Cops,  
Are you sore when they frisk you, get your bottle and goat,  
Why not end this damn farce, by just learning to vote?

No? Yes?

## SEEMS ODD

It takes some men years and years to destroy a small package of letters—with a faint perfume to 'em. Often there is a Dance Card among them, with a dinky little pencil tied to it. Like as not there is an envelope with some dried flower leaves in it.

Most always there is a stem, too. No! those are not foreign stamps on the letters—they are U. S. But they don't issue that style anymore. These are not new letters. Some men don't ever destroy 'em. No, never. These men are not "Sissies." I wouldn't go so far as to say that—to them.

They're regular fellers—work every day 'en everything. Yep!

## CALL A HALT!

Get this, Men and Women of America: You are not fighting *God* or *Government* when you get together and use your tremendous power to restore and prevent further desecration of our blood bought *Constitution*.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME

Well, I'm really flabbergasted  
Since reading in the news  
How they've gone and decorated  
The little Wop who shined my shoes  
On the corner last November,  
And the Sheeny o'er the way  
Has been cited for promotion  
For his valor in the fray.

And that Nurse the Frenchmen honored  
With a diamond studded cross.  
Was just a student typist  
And a trial to her boss.  
While the kid who saved his Captain,  
Who had fallen in the scrap,  
Owned the finest yacht in Newport,  
And half the railroads on the map.

And just think—Old Niemyer's Heinie.  
Got the Cross upon the field  
When he brought in eighty Germans,  
Whom unaided he made yield.  
And a Mick who was a plumber  
Over on the Old West Side,  
Put the kibosh on a Gun Crew  
Just a little 'fore he died.

So you see, a Wop, a Sheeny,  
A Heinie, Mick, and dub.  
Along with Percy Oswald,  
A rich man's fighting cub,

Held their own—and something over  
With the swellest of the swell,  
And left a name in Europe.  
*That will linger for a spell.*

## SIMILIA SIMILIBUS

She is a beauty, with slender white hands,  
And her eyes hath the blue o' the sea,  
Her slow, sweet smile is a thing so rare,  
But ah! it played havoc with me.

He is a man with a frame of steel,  
And his eyes hath a searching stare,  
With ragged raiment and scanty food,  
And grey in his unkempt hair.

This twain never met on this mundane sphere,  
And are not the same blood—or strain,  
But at gold digging he, is away up in *G*,  
And that goes for this—beautiful jane.

















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